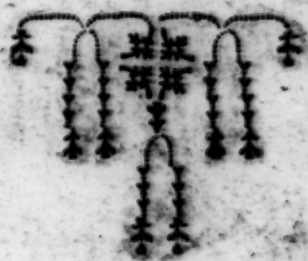


THE
INAMORATO:

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE
ELECTRICAL EEL,

BY A LADY.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

MDCCLXXVII.

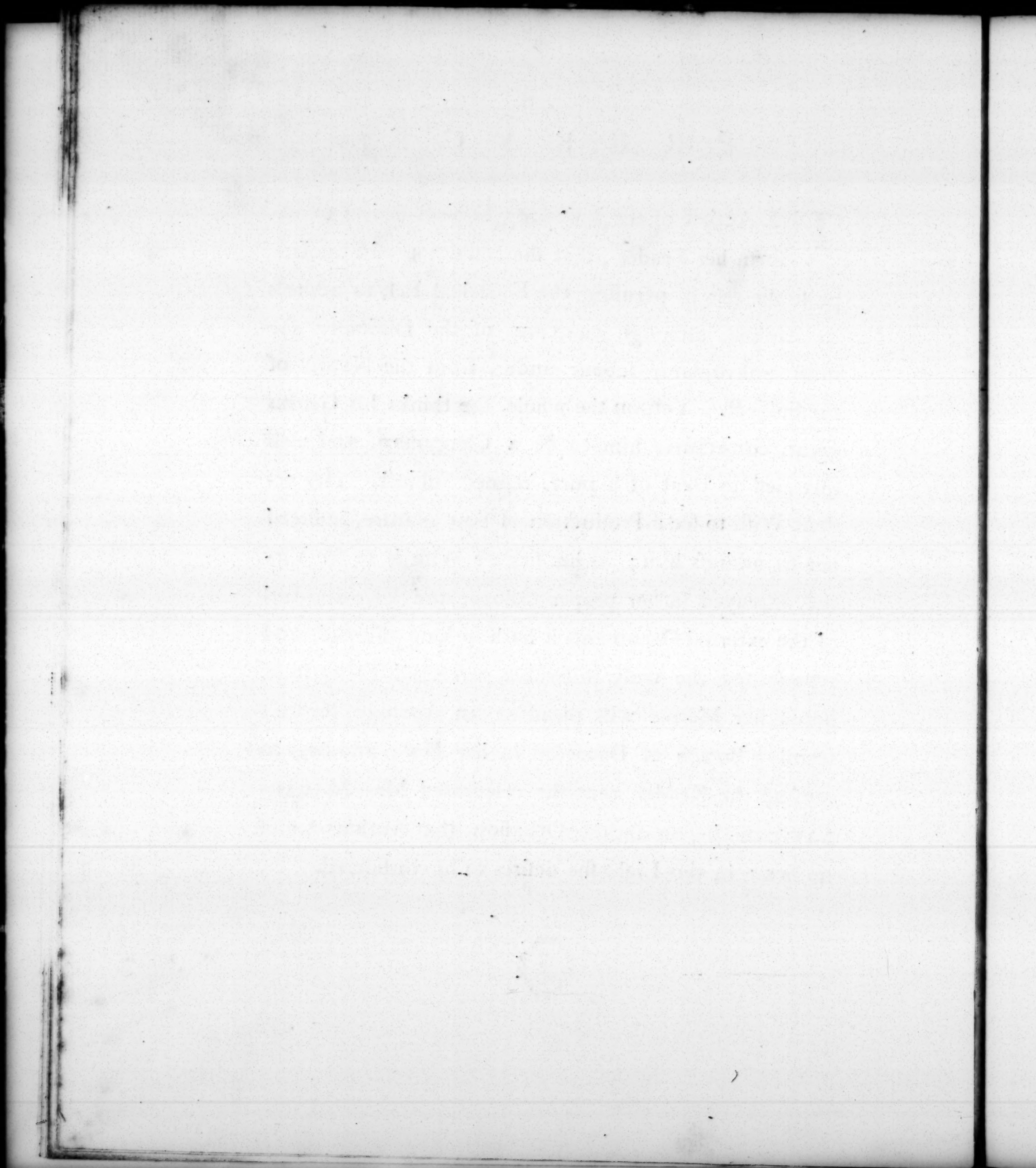


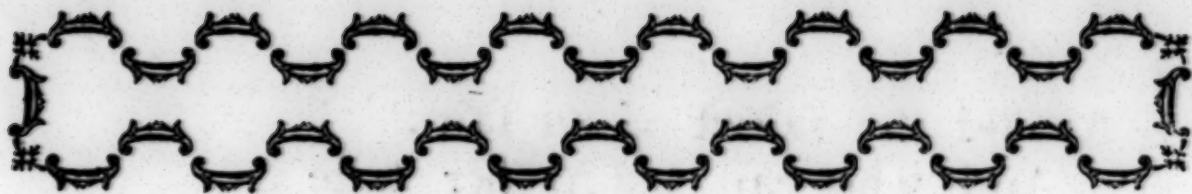
'76...2805

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Subject desires to inform her Readers, that she could not resist the Impulse she felt in perusing the Electrical Eel, to address its Author, although conscious of the Difficulty she must unavoidably labour under, from the Nature of the Subject. Yet, on the whole, she thinks his Genius great, conjectures him to be a Clergyman, and well qualified to treat of a pure, refined Subject. Her ardent Wish to see a Production of that Nature, induced her to address him; as her sincere Wish is to see Virtue displayed in her proper Colour, and Vice disrobed of the external Ornaments it hath so long assumed, and represented the truly miserable, wretched Thing it is, hopes her Motive will plead as an Apology for this seeming Breach of Decorum in her Sex; and begs to remind the Reader, that the celebrated Mrs. MACAULAY remarks, on another Occasion, that Authors are of no Sex: in this Light she desires to be considered.







THE
INAMORATO.

DEIGN, reverend Sir, to hear a muse
Inspired by thy lays :
Perusing thee, who can refuse
To yield thy Genius praise?

So highly touch'd, thy fancy soars
Above the common flight,
While Paradise thy eye explores,
With ever new delight.

Thy theme, tho' modesty forbids,
Compels our warm applause ;
The squeamish prude this passion feeds,
And loves the broken laws ;

As,



As did the fairest of all fair :
 And who can blame her taste ?
 The Silver Eel, no doubt, was rare,
 When Paradise he grac'd.

How much superior is thy thought
 To MILTON's the sublime,
 Who makes the Serpent with her naught,
 Heeding nor place nor time.

Leaving the lady no excuse,
 No plea or flight pretence ;
 Nothing to urge his rank abuse
 Of her deluded sense.

She saw, she lov'd, and at first sight,
 Unaw'd by female fear,
 Resolv'd to know if she was right,
 And made the fiend draw near.

Who bolder grown by her fond smiles,
 No more at distance stood ;
 Quickly advanc'd, with subtle wiles,
 And list'ning EVE subdu'd.

All nature felt the dreadful breach
Of trusting faith betray'd,
When they the fatal apples reach,
And gorg'd, tho' half afraid.

But you, more nice, present a scope,
Apologize for EVE,
By leaving thought some room to hope,
'Twas done without her leave.

For if the ancient Eel of yore
Possess'd electric skill,
His shock he might convey most sure,
Once previous to her will.

When she so oft' defenceless came
To gaze into the stream,
Her beauty well might feed his flame,
And love become his theme.

He slyly might convey a spark,
And reach her nicest sense,
While she, enraptur'd in the dark,
Suspected not offence.

A fe-

A second too she might receive,
 So of the first possess'd,
 Ere strength she found the place to leave,
 She thus her soul express'd.

“ What God hath charm'd my sense so much ?
 “ What secret aid divine ?
 “ No form I saw, yet felt a touch
 “ Which language can't define :
 “ So new, so exquisitely sweet,
 “ Some pow'r supreme is here :
 “ I never thought such joy to meet,
 “ Tho' Paradise I share.”

To feel the liquid fire within,
 When not a spark is nigh,
 She lik'd the shock, nor thought it sin,
 But long'd its force to try.

The novel touch through all her charms
 A vivid tinge diffus'd,
 Electric power age rewarms,
 And sure it youth amus'd.

Her

Her curious eye she cast around,
 To find the charmer out,
 Surpriz'd to see, low on the ground,
 The wonder glide about ;

All glossy, glittering in the sun,
 Lay sportive on the grass,
 Then more voluptuous seem'd to shun
 The brisk, the gay repast ;

Loll'd all supine on sweetest flowers,
 Each beauteous twine assum'd,
 To shew her all his skill and power
 To please, he thus presum'd.

His motion various so display'd
 Excites her wonder still :
 She fain would catch him ; yet afraid,
 Restrains her ardent will.

His colours brighten'd by the rays
 That glow'd on 's skin so sleek,
 The dazzling miracle of praise
 She thought him in his freak.

B

Himself

Himself essay'd no more presum'd,
 Rush'd sudden to the stream;
 Her eyes still follow all illum'd,
 To see his beauty's beam.

She in the silver current gaz'd,
 To seek the lovely form,
 Eager to tell her, what amaz'd
 And still her passions warm.

No sooner had she turn'd her eyes
 Into the lucid stream,
 But her dear shadow to her flies
 With more expressive mien.

She thus address'd the image fair,
 Calling her Sister-love:
 Bid her prepare a tale to hear,
 Which must her mind improve.

Then quick rehears'd all that had pass'd
 The figure seem'd to share
 The joy she felt, it press'd so fast,
 She gave the willing ear.

The mutual, amorous, pleasing glance,
 Half rous'd the latent foe,
 Then troops of loves began to dance,
 And in her bosom glow.

Ign'rant it was herself alone
 She so admir'd and lov'd,
 She stoops to kiss where beauty shone,
 Which long her soul approv'd :

For native innocence prevail'd,
 No art her bosom knew :
 What mischief could her steps assail,
 Who was to honour true?

Divinely good, herself tho' fair,
 She ne'er suspected craft ;
 Evil with her could claim no share,
 She dreaded not its shaft.

Strangers to fraud suspect no guile,
 Intrusting all alike :
 But frequent find the subtle wile,
 When late they feel it strike.

But flatt'ry's all-subduing skill
 What power can long withstand?
 That dress can wind us to its will,
 Defying all command.

The Eel, no doubt, had long admir'd
 Her perfect shape so grac'd;
 Her bosom too had sure inspir'd
 So near her person plac'd.

The power of speech perchance possess'd,
 As did the serpent kind:
 Oft prais'd her charms, as oft express'd
 His passion so refin'd.

Familiar thus, by accident,
 Her blushes well you save;
 He gaz'd at first, perhaps askant,
 Then, like her humble slave,
 Obedience made, fell at her feet
 All prostrate, lay till she
 Bade him arise, prepare to meet
 Her tender charity.

To

To yield her sport, he glid perchance
 Into the ready pool;
 There freak'd and leap'd, all to inhance
 Himself, thus play'd the fool.

To draw her fond attention on,
 Creeps to the verge, then darts away;
 Her eager touch he seems to shun,
 Tempting her more to court his stay.

Those feats, no doubt, and thousands more,
 The slippery lover try'd;
 The well-pleas'd fair restraint gave o'er,
 And bade him to her glide.

No sooner call'd, than strait he leap'd
 Into her snowy arms;
 Around her waist then eager slipp'd,
 Encircling all her charms.

Close to her neck, in curling folds,
 The loving creature clings;
 Then to her lip his mouth he holds;
 Next, to her bosom springs:

Her

Her very fingers own his touch ;
 Nay, every nerve partakes :
 Such skill electric charms so much,
 The heated sense soon aches.

Yet in the drooping, languid state,
 A lasting good is found,
 When base intents ne'er inward grate,
 Then conscience cannot wound.

They sportful toy, in play like this,
 Nor dreamt of ills to come ;
 Th' indulgent husband never miss'd
 The hour she spent from home.

Thus hath your novelty of thought
 My fancy fill'd with scenes
 So new, so rich, with wish high fraught,
 To see your better themes.

Too charming bard, why did you chuse
 This Eel of heat and fire,
 When genial warmth, thro' all your muse,
 Which art can ne'er acquire,

Diffu-

Diffuseth love without such aid,
 As all your lines best prove,
 Where true Promethean taste's display'd,
 Which envy must approve.

Not EDEN's garden, where you fix,
 Once seat of pure delight,
 E're rais'd a flower fit to mix
 With posies of your flight.

High fraught with nectar, from the fount
 You haste into the grove,
 And prove you've climb'd Parnassus' mount
 In sweetest trains---of love.

Th' Iōnian bards would praise your taste,
 And conquer'd, yield the palm ;
 The golden branch ÆNÆAS fought
 You'd reach with ease and calm.

Favour'd of Heaven, thy genius prize,
 Nor trifle with thy wit ;
 But chuse a subject, that may raise
 Thy soul, and more besit

The man of parts, superior bless'd
 With every charm to please,
 In quintessence of wit, express'd
 With such poetic ease ;
 Divinity thy proper field,
 Bright theme most worthy thee ;
 The Sacred Page alone can yield
 Eternal rhapsody.

Here ever-blooming virtue shines,
 Array'd in truth divine :
 Here real joy, with peace combines,
 To greet th'exalted mind.

High treat ! superior far to aught
 That momentary sense
 Can taste or feel ; though pleasure fought
 Her toil to recompense.

Affiduous care would prove in vain,
 Exhausted nature droops,
 Alike with pleasure as with pain,
 When once to vice it stoops.

Her

Her spring cannot by art supply
 The course of your delight ;
 To pamper cease, in vain you try
 To force one appetite!

For if you rise by dint of art
 To more than natural strength,
 A chilling tremor at the heart
 You're sure to feel at length ;

With something worse, diseases, pains,
 A lasting train of ills,
 The devotee to pleasure gains,
 Which all his joy soon kills ;

And CHALKSTONE like, in bloom of years,
 He scarce can hobble on :
 His soul alarm'd, and full of fears,
 Is with his body one ;

All, save his memory, decay'd ;
 That still, alas ! remains,
 With keen reflection so dismay'd,
 He scarce a wish obtains :

C

No



No comfort, sees no gleam of hope,
 To sooth his fretful breast ;
 His follies altogether cope,
 Yielding no seat of rest :

For if an interval of ease
 His shatter'd frame affords,
 Reflection's sting is sure to tease
 Where long past folly hoards.

Still to augment this scene of woe,
 Not one consoling friend
 Hath he to boast, but many a foe
 Their curses on him send.

A troop of virgins, once most chaste,
 Till ruin'd by his lust,
 With every charm and beauty grac'd,
 Now sinking to the dust,
 Upbraid his falshood ; that betray'd
 Their unsuspecting hearts
 To break that law they once obey'd,
 Which every good imparts.

His

His state most wretched ! What can worse
 Afflict the mind of man ?
 When he hath run his sensual course,
 And finds, in reason's plan
 How much he err'd, his soul shrinks back,
 While conscience holds the glass,
 Despair enfues, his senses crack.
 Thus suicide, alas !
 I fear, commenc'd, fatal redress !
 As recent cases shew
 Pride turns to madness, when excess
 Ascendance gains, worse foe
 To peace, to honour, love, and fame,
 Than aught beneath the sun,
 When tyrant Fashion feeds the flame,
 The flowery course is run.

The monarch'd monster soon devours
 Sweet quiet, and repose ;
 The highest bliss his presence sours,
 And all delights soon close.

Sequester'd groves in vain are fought,
 The family retreat,
 The tranquil scenes with cares are fraught,
 And bring an irksome weight.

Plots, schemes, and purposes, in troops,
 Here crowd into his brain,
 His soul to every meanness stoops,
 False grandeur to maintain.

Appearances a while he keeps
 With struggles to support ;
 In public smiles, in secret weeps,
 Fears to become the sport
 Of Fashion's circle : even he,
 Who late so brilliant shone,
 The quintessence of taste, so free
 His manner, all had won.

Generosity, politeness,
 Accomplishments in him,
 All triumphed with success,
 And all so natural seem.

Vanity

Vanity prompts him to believe
 His taste alone hath sway'd
 The world, that all receive
 From him their *ton*, and that obey'd.

And shall he dwindle into nought,
 Be deem'd a reptile thing,
 Who led the band in Fashion's court?
 No, that's a deadly sting.

Thence he resolves to end
 His days, rather than bear the scourge,
 Insulting pity send
 His pride alarm'd, his feelings urge,
 And reason blindly yields,
 While the dread pistol's quick report,
 His present torment shields,
 Murder his last effort.

But let us turn to better scenes----
 Platonic systems trace,
 Where virtue's rapture intervenes,
 To sensual joy claims place.

Not

Not that I mean, pray take me right,
 To change fair Nature's laws,
 Only to range them in that light,
 To serve the noble cause
 Design'd by providential care,
 Whose bounty all must own,
 That hath bestow'd so large a share
 Of every good on man.

For Nature's dictates all incline
 To charity and love,
 Which education must refine,
 And reason's laws approve.

From bright-ey'd Pity often springs
 The noblest cause of good ;
 Where love her firmest basis brings,
 By sympathy subdu'd.

The soul all soften'd yields her will
 . We think to Pity's voice ;
 At length we find it Love, the skill
 Of sense and nature's voice.

The

The sweetest draught that wisdom lent,
 The cordial balm of life,
 The *summum bonum* Heaven hath sent,
 The bane to every strife.

With nice distinction but observ'd,
 With delicacy us'd,
 With modest prudence ever serv'd,
 Not heedlessly abus'd.

Here lives the sin, it will not bear
 Excess, or treatment rough;
 But tender, constant, fondest care,
 Such as will stand the proof.

Alike in sickness as in health,
 And smile tho' fortune frown;
 Alike in poverty as wealth,
 True pleasure then will crown
 And grace such pure delights as these,
 Supported by that zeal,
 Where kind attention strives to please,
 No breach is here to heal.

Love and Religion hand in hand
Unite the sacred tie ;
Virtue, sweet Peace, adorn the band,
With calm Philosophy.

Thus Platonism keeps each sense
Chaste as the infant's school,
Suffers them not to know offence,
But governs them by rule.

What joy refin'd the soul quaffs here ?
Perpetual source of bliss !
A lasting good, devoid of fear,
Deep sorrow sure to miss.

For if terrestrial ills ensue,
They cannot reach the mind,
Thus fortify'd, in every view,
To every charge resign'd.

No harsh reproach, to heighten ills,
Which must this state befall ;
But self-supported in their wills,
Their minds they ne'er inthrall.

Defying

Defying even fate to vex,
 Serene through every scene,
 Closely adhering to this text,
 To keep from evil clean.

Studiosly shunning every cause
 That may excite to wrong,
 And happy in reflection's pause,
 They join'd not in the throng
 Where sensual, giddy pleasure reigns ;
 They, ever patient, bear
 What wisely Providence ordains,
 Contented with their fare ;

And think 'tis right, they chearful take
 What he that made them gives ;
 Happy in thought, no griefs they make,
 True comfort with them lives ;

Their spirits soar above this scene,
 And reach to joys divine,
 Tho' ills terrestrial intervene,
 Ev'n to the most sublime.

D

But

But when pure sentiments prevail,
 Effential blessings come,
 No evil can the mind assail,
 Who ne'er design'd to wrong.

This well you know, and will agree,
 That Heaven's commands are just;
 Founded in true felicity,
 While the reverse is curst.

Come then, in spirit, to my soul,
 Who longs to mix with thine;
 Come, and her passions all controul,
 For with thee come the nine.

Thy genius hath my fancy caught,
 Well pleas'd to think with thee,
 Ideal flights her wing hath fought,
 Perfection once to see.

Convinc'd no simple vulgar aid,
 Guides the poetic pen,
 Where heavenly harmony's display'd,
 Beyond the skill of men.

Melo-

Melodious, more than if the bird
 Of Paradise had sung,
 If wise ULYSSES had but heard
 Thy song, he then had sprung
 And burst the cords that ty'd him fast,
 Around the mighty oak ;
 His prudence would have fail'd at last,
 Hadst thou thy muse invok'd.

Come, let Platonic friendship meet,
 Our fancies high regale,
 With essence pure, divinely sweet,
 And mutual bliss inhale :

Together quaff celestial dews,
 With fragrant odours fraught.
 Some heavenly, noble subject chuse,
 Which long my muse hath sought.

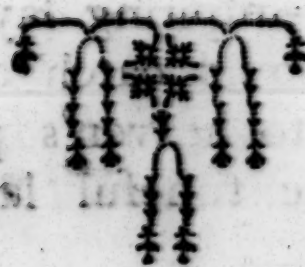
If from thy all-inspiring lays,
 My breast should catch one spark,
 I'd consecrate to heaven's praise,
 And, like the tuneful lark,

High

Up soaring, chant poetic fame,
While intellectual bliss,
Which study'd language fails to name,
Our spirits could not miss.

Ah, come! Ah, haste! Thy fancy send
While mine attends thy call,
Impatient waits her flight to bend,
Where VIRTUE governs all.

F I N I S.



R10

TH

